Alaskan Women Make Fortunes and Are Active In Club Life

—BY—
Frank G. Carpenter
(Copyright, 1915, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Through Wives of Alaskan Pioneers Social Conditions in Far North Are Becoming Much Like That in Any American Towns; Early Women Endured Many Hardships.

NOME, Alaska, March 3.—I have just returned from a reception at the Kegoayah Kozga. This is the woman's club farthest north. It belongs to the National Federation of Woman's clubs, and it is one of the live social organizations of this up-to-date territory. Kegoayah Kozga is the Eskimo for "Aurora Club," and this club is typical of the dawn of woman's work in northern Alaska. The club owns its own house, a delightful little cottage on one of the main streets of Nome, and it has a surplus in its treasury.

A copy of the club book lies before me. From it I find that the membership is 65 and that it meets on the first and third Wednesdays of every month. It has also special days, which are civic events. One of these is "Clean-up day," when the people of the town are supposed to make special efforts to beautify their homes and streets. Another is children's day, coming in June, when all the children are given a picnic, during which they have games and prizes. A third is Flower day, held in August, in celebration of the wonderful summer vegetation of this part of the world. One meeting every year is devoted to the entertainment of the husbands of the club, and another to saying farewell to the members who are going outside for the winter.

Devotes Much Time To Study.

The Kegoayah Kozga has its study classes, which run throughout the season. Last year one of these classes was devoted to Alaska, another to South America and a third to the French language. The club has also lectures, essays and poems given by its members; and it is, in short, thoroughly uptodate as to club organization and club life.

I was struck by the high character of the women I met at the club this afternoon. The women here are typical of those of other parts of Alaska. They are well dressed, well bred and well educated. Not a few are college graduates, and all show more hospitality than is common throughout the United States. Many of them have lived in Alaska for years and their stories of conditions, present and past, are especially interesting.

It was not until 1898, when gold was discovered in the Klondike, that many women came to Alaska. Those who were here before that were chiefly the wife of a sea captain or trapper, officers of the army and navy, some of whom lived at the posts and others at the chief towns along the coast. There were also the missionaries, who had stations at Sitka and other places in southeastern Alaska, and occasionally the wife of a sea captain or trapper.

Mother White's Home Was First.

The first woman to establish a home on Cook inlet was Mother White, the wife of a whaler who made voyages to Behring sea and the Arctic ocean. He brought his wife with him, and she built a log cabin store and roadhouse on the shores of Cook inlet, about 200 miles from the site of the new town of Anchorage. It was there that Miss Martha White was born. She was the first white child to see the light of day in that part of the world, and when the work began on the government railway she was chosen to drive the first spike.

It is more than 20 years since Mrs. White established her store and roadhouse. She dealt with the Indians and trappers, and later on started a fish cannery and saltery. In one year she put up 2000 barrels of salted salmon. She made considerable money, which she invested in mining.

Makes Fortune, Loses It.

She was a part of the gold stampede to Sunrise, on Turnagain arm, where she made so much that she might have retired in comfort. Then bad luck came. She put her winnings into unsuccessful properties and lost them. She went back to the roadhouse business and established little hotels in Hope City and Sunrise. These were a success and she gradually accumulated some property. In the meantime her daughter was growing up and Mother White decided to leave Alaska and go to the states to educate her. She moved to Chicago and opened a little store there, which supported her until a few years ago, when Martha's education was finished.

And then came that longing to go back to Alaska that permeates the souls of all who have made their homes here for any length of time. It so obsessed Mrs. White that she left her daughter in Chicago and went alone to the north. With tears in her eyes, she told me how she came back to the mining camps of Hope and Sunrise and how they affected her. Many of the old prospectors whom she had known were still there, and she felt that here was her home and her friends.

The result was that she came back to Alaska, bringing her daughter with her, and when the work on the railroad began she was one of the first on the ground at the new town of Anchorage. She came in with a stock of lumber and canvas, and before a rail was laid or any excavation made she had put up tents for eating and lodging down on the flats. Her sleeping tent was equipped with bunks one over the other like those of a sleeping car, and each bed brought her a dollar a night. When the new site for Anchorage was chosen she built a frame hotel on the main street, and she is doing so well that she will probably have to put up a larger building in the near future.

Mrs. Pullen Makes Good.

Another woman who has made good in Alaska is Mrs. Pullen, of Skagway, who, by her kindness to the old miners and stranded prospectors, has earned the title of "Mother of the North". She has a beautiful hotel at the head of the Lynn canal, where the glacial Skagway river flows in. The place is surrounded by mountains that reach to the clouds, and it is not far away from the mighty ice rivers of Glacier bay. Mrs. Pullen has recently bought a farm which covers the ground upon which Dyea was located, and she is stabling her stock there in houses built by the miners and traders when that place was a wide-open city and the golden clouds of Dawson covered the sky.

Mrs. Pullen came to Skagway at the time of the gold rush to the Klondike. The daughter of a well-to-do settler on Puget sound, she had married and become a widow with three little sons at the time gold was discovered. Her father had died some years before, leaving her plenty of money, but she had lost this, and decided to go to the gold mines.

She was almost penniless when she landed in Alaska, and when a miner came to the steamer to hire a cook for his camp she asked for the job and got it. She did well there, and later on became the cook for a boarding house, where her sourdough flapjacks and soda biscuits soon became famous. She saw that the big money was being made in freighting goods over the mountains, and she sent her first savings back to Seattle and brought in six horses that were still left of those on her father's farm. She also imported a wagon, and then started freighting over the trail. She drove the horses herself, making her customers load their own goods. She got high rates of freight, and was soon clearing $25 a day.

Son Goes to West Point.

At the end of the first season she was $1000 ahead, and this gave her enough to build a cottage and start a hotel of her own. From that time on she has been able not only to live well and make money, but to give her children as good an education as our country affords. The boys went to school in Skagway, where they worked at odd hours and during vacation to help their mother. Later they were sent to the United States to college. One of them was the first appointee from Alaska to West Point, and another graduated at the University of Washington, and is now a mining engineer connected with the big dredging operations in the Klondike.

The boy who went to West Point made a remarkable record. When he first came he was nicknamed "the Eskimo"; but he made good in athletics and became captain of the football team. He stood especially well in swordsmanship and sportsmanship, and the horse he rode was one raised in Alaska and sent to him by his mother. When he graduated he stood fourth in his class, and he is now one of the professors of the military academy.

Help Husbands Make Fortunes.

In those early days all sorts of women went to the Klondike. Some tramped in over the trail, wearing short skirts, bloomers and boots that came to their knees. Some came with their husbands and aided in prospecting and in getting gold out of the frozen earth. Among them was the wife of Prof. Thomas C. Lipoy, who had been secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Seattle. He began his mining along the upper Yukon in Alaska, and left his wife there when he first came to the Klondike. A few months later she followed him and the two made a large fortune.

Another Puget sound man who became a millionaire through his mines near Dawson was Clarence Berry. He had been married just before he came to the Klondike, and he brought his wife with him. Mrs. Berry is said to have poked out several thousand dollars' worth of nuggets from the dumps of her husband's mines. The two went back to the United States rich. Another wealthy woman of Puget sound turned the windless and raised the bucket which carried the earth out of her husband's mine.

Some brought money with them and made more by investing in gold properties. One woman had $20,000 when she left Vancouver, and she had doubled and quadrupled it, when she was cheated out of her fortune by unscrupulous men. She then took in washing and baked bread for the miners with the flour they brought to her. She opened a roadhouse at Selkirk, and later on made money and saved it. That woman came from Idaho. She is said to be quite well to do.

The daughter of a former governor of Kentucky was living in Portland when the first news of the great finds in the Klondike reached there. She had several thousand dollars and also brought this with her to Dawson, where she invested it all in town lots. She sold and rebought and resold property in the business part of the town, and sent back home money to the value of thousands of dollars. Lots for which she paid $700 were sold for $15,000 and upward, and in one single transaction she is said to have made as much as $60,000.

Another woman who took in washing and made money came north from Juneau, where she had been working in a laundry. She was blond, 45 years of age, but so stout and rugged that she pulled her own sled, weighing 250 pounds, from Lake Lindeman through to Lake Le Barge, and made her way on down to Circle City. She started a laundry and bake shop and sold her bread for from 50 cents to $1 a loaf. Later on she came to the Klondike and staked out a claim on Eldorado creek, from which she realized $300,000.

Undergo Many Hardships.

The women of that time did all sorts of things and underwent every hardship to get to the gold mines. Many were stranded at Skagway or Dyea, the ports at the foot of the mountains over which the trails led to the gold camps. There was one old woman at Skagway whose story was told me by Elmer J. White, recently American consul at White Horse. Said Mr. White:

"The woman was over 55 years of age, but she had enough nerve to come north with the rush. She had no money to get over the trail, so she started in selling newspapers at from 25 to 50 cents each, the current prices of those days. She was so old that she aroused sympathy, and a rich miner would often give her $5 for a paper and tell her to keep the change. I knew her well. I was then editor of a paper at Skagway and she would bring her money to me and ask me to count it. She would sometimes have $10 or $20 from the sales of a few days. She kept her savings in a bag, and when she left she had about $2000. All this time she was sleeping in a piano box in a little cabin across the street from my newspaper office. I feared she would freeze during the winter, and I got her people in Montana to write her to come home. I sent her money there and arranged for her passage.

"You might think that a woman of that kind would be unsafe in a mining community. She was not. Every one was ready to protect her, and Soapy Smith, the desperado, was one of her best customers. I remember one day she came and told me a certain man had insulted her. I thereupon informed the deputy marshal, who is now a senator in the Alaska legislature. He went to the man and gave him 24 hours to leave town. He departed instanter."

Old Type Is Passing.

The old type of roughly dressed frontier woman is rapidly passing. The mining of the rich camps is going into the hands of large capital, and there are but few women who have big mining investments. I heard of none at Dawson except Margaret Mitchell, who calls herself the Quartz queen of the Klondike, and she is only potentially rich. Margaret Mitchell has faith that the 150 odd million dollars' worth of the gold that has been washed out in grains and dust from the creeks and basin of the Klondike must have been ground off from rich veins nearby. She is looking for the mother lodes, and for years has been taking up and busting quartz claims. Some of her properties are now being developed, and a few are said to carry good values.

Margaret Mitchell is one of the first to rush to every new mining field. She is a part of every stampede, and in this way has got the nickname "Stampede" Mitchell. She thoroughly understands the mining laws, and watches out for claims that lapse through the carelessness of owners, in failing to do the assessment work annually required. Every now and then she picks up a valuable claim, and sometimes one that belongs to the big capitalists. I understand that she jumped such a claim only the other day, and that the millionaires had to pay her $6,000 before she would release the new title thus acquired.

Tents and Shacks Disappear.

The larger towns of the Alaska of today have perhaps one-half as many women as men. The tents and shacks of the past have given place to comfortable homes with gardens and flowers, and the social conditions are not life different from those of the towns of the United States. Every town of any size has a woman's club like that here at Nome, and all have entertainments of one kind or another. The Juneau Woman's club recently gave a reception to the Woman's club of Douglas Island. It was held in the city hall, and among the papers read was one on English literature, another on the cathedral towns of Europe, and a third on old English with readings from Chaucer.

The Fairbanks club is especially interested in civic matters. Its members write editorials for the local newspapers on how to improve sanitary and educational conditions; and they have done a great deal to uplift the town. They are interested in the liquor question and did much in the last election to make Alaska vote dry. The same is true of every woman's club in the country from Ketchikan to Nome.

The clubs are doing a great deal to better educational conditions. They keep close track of the schools, and all of them are more or less literary in character. The women of Alaska come from all parts of the world, and many of them are widely traveled. They have broad ideas of public events and their discussions take a wide range.

Love the Sorcerer

By NELL BRINKLEY
Copyright, 1915, International News Service.

LOVE is a sorcerer in cap and gown, with a Will o' the Wisp wand. He makes over the little Sit-in-the-ashes, the shabby Cinderella, into the princess at the ball. When the fire of his magic stick touches her image—lo, you, she is no longer a girl with stray locks that fly, hairpins falling, torn stockings and scuffed heels, lace petticoat a-traying, and fingers grubby. Watch the Ashputtel you know, and see her, when she falls in love, fall to scouring her little hands and polishing her hair, and scrubbing her teeth into pearls, until she shines out of her glass a stranger princess.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

If President Calls For Volunteers Only Men Who Meet Test Wanted

—BY—
Rene Bache

Examination of Recruits for United States Army Covers Physical, Mental and Moral Characteristics; Defectives Cannot Get in Army.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2.—Suppose that the first call is for 500,000 volunteers. Shall you offer your services to fight for the flag? Or have you a son who will seize the patriotic opportunity?

It is one thing to offer oneself, and quite another to be accepted as a recruit. The requirements will be extraordinarily exacting. For one thing, boys will not be wanted.

It has often been said, and truly, that the civil war was fought largely by boys. But military experience has shown that mere youngsters are not ordinarily able to withstand the fatigue and hardships of active campaigning; and so it will be difficult for an applicant under 20 to gain acceptance, though the minimum legal age is 18. On the other hand, although the maximum age is 35, preference will be given to men not over 29 years old.

Ugly Men Not Wanted.

Homeliness in a young man is not usually considered of serious importance; but if you are really of very ugly visage, you will not be accepted as a recruit. If your legs are very bowed or knock-kneed, you will be rejected. Marked stammering will render you unavailable as a volunteer.

The examination which, as an applicant you must undergo is amazingly thorough and comprehensive. It will make you realize how many things may, or might, be the matter with you that would never have occurred to you to think of. Even the microscope and the X-ray quite possibly will be brought into play. But first of all you will be required to take a bath—meaning a thorough scrub.

Next you will be brought into a big, well-lighted room, in which there is plenty of space for such exercises as running and jumping. Also, it contains a variety of apparatus for making measurements and tests of different kinds. A recruiting officer is in charge.

Your vision is first tested. Black letters of assorted sizes are exhibited on white cards, and, by reading them from a distance (with one eye, and then with the other) you must prove that you suffer from no defect of sight. Then you are tried for possible deafness—one ear at a time, the other being held tight shut. With your back to the examiner, you are required to repeat words spoken by him in a low conversational voice. It is expected that you shall bt able to understand whispered words at 20 feet.

These matters being settled, you are stripped naked, weighed, and measured for height and chest-girth. It is demanded that your chest shall be well developed, and neither flat nor of the conformation known as "pigeon-breast." Your weight must not be less than 120 pounds, and your stature not less than 5 feet, 4 inches. An infantryman, by the way, may be of any height above that mark; but, according to army regulations, a field artilleryman must not be over 6 feet and a cavalry soldier not over 5 feet, 10 inches.

Hop, Skip and Jump.

Follows then a most thorough and intimate inspection of your general physique, beginning with movements to test your various joints and muscles. You assume the posture of "fire kneeling." Then, standing erect, you leap directly up, striking your buttocks with both heels simultaneously. You hop the length of the room on the ball of first one foot and then the other. You make a standing jump as far as possible, and repeat it several times. These are only part of the somewhat strenuous exercises; but though they may make your breathless and accelerate your pulse, it is expected that they shall not cause manifest exhaustion or distress.

A man who is excessively "skinny" is not wanted as a soldier; it is likely to signify a poor digestion. On the other hand, the intending recruit must not be over-fat. Excessive fat is not a good sign of health, and an obese person lacks endurance. The limit of weight in the United States army is 190 pounds; a cavalryman must not weigh more than 165.

Good Teeth Important.

Next, the recruiting officer will examine your skin for disease. He will feel your head carefully, for abnormalities of shape. He will inspect your eyes, for squint or chronic inflammation. He will look at your ears, for possible malformation. He will open your mouth and count your teeth. The teeth of a fighting man are of special importance, because, if they are bad, he cannot digest his food properly.

If you have a large and unsightly birthmark, you will not be accepted. Tattooing is unobjectionable ordinarily; but it happens occasionally that a man's body is by this means ornamented with an indecent picture or inscription, and in such cases the army will not have him. The loss of one of your little fingers will not exclude you, but, with two fingers gone, Uncle Sam does not want you. Lacking a great toe, or any two toes on the same foot, you will be rejected.

In these days nobody wants to employ a man who drinks. A drinking man lacks endurance, has small resistance to disease, and is unreliable in emergencies. He does not make a good soldier, and is not wanted by Uncle Sam. Special pains are taken, through rigid examination, to exclude recruits with a weakness for alcohol.

The Alcohol Test.

For one test, the man is made to stand with his feet close together, his arms extended horizontally, his fingers apart, and his eyes shut. Then he is asked to stick out his tongue. If his tongue and outstretched fingers show tremor, it suggests an alcoholic habit. True, the tremor may be due to some nervous disorder attributable to another cause; but, if so, the applicant is excluded any way, because sufferers from nervous complaints are not desirable as soldiers.

Can you breathe freely through your nose with your mouth tight shut? If not, you will not be accepted as a recruit. "Mouth-breathers" (as doctors call them) are usually weaklings; at best, it is a bad sign. The recruiting officer is sure incidentally to ask you to pucker your mouth for whistling. Doubtless you can do so without any trouble; but if you couldn't, there would be suspicion of facial paralysis.

He will examine your neck for signs of goiter—a trouble much more common than most people imagine. A small lump there does not usually excite a person's very serious attention—though it may grow bigger. Bunions or corns, flatfeet or "hammer toes" will shut you out of the army, if bad. They interfere with marching, and, above all things, a soldier must be a good walker. Corns on the soles of the feet are particularly objectionable. So likewise are ingrowing toenails.

The Ideal Recruit.

In the ideal recruit, the various parts of the body are well-proportioned, the head symmetrical, the chest full and well formed, the abdomen lank, and the limbs shapely, with well-developed muscles. The carriage should be erect and sprightly, the manner cheerful and alert, and the expression of the face indicative of mental and physical health and vigor.

One happy result of the elaborate system of examination pursued under our army regulations is the practically total exclusion of the types represented by the vagabond and the criminal. Every intending recruit is required to present evidence of good character and a clean record. He must be all right morally, as well as physically.

Furthermore, he must be at least fairly bright mentally. No mental defectives or even stupid young man will be accepted as a volunteer. Incidentally to the physical examination, the recruiting officer takes pains to judge the mental capacity of the applicant, by his answers to questions, his facial expression, and his general alertness.

As for the physical examination, it extends much further than the above rather sketchy description would indicate. His heart, lungs, and abdominal organs are examined. He is taken into a dark room, where his nasal passages, the back part of his mouth, and his eardrums are inspected with electric bulbs, mirrors, and various ingenious apparatus. X-ray pictures may be made to show up one part or another of his inside works, to make sure that there is no defect. His tonsils are given the "once over," and a brief hunt is undertaken for possible adenoids. He is required to answer a number of questions—among others, whether he has ever had "fits."

Bachelors Preferred.

If you are a married man, you will not easily find acceptance as a recruit. Bachelors, for more than one obvious reason, are preferred; and, inasmuch as there are plenty of them, why take the benedict away from his wife and his job? The higher the social class of the volunteer the better, other things being equal. Snobbery has nothing to do with the preference. The offspring of well-to-do parents, as a rule, is better educated and more intelligent than the youth brought up in poverty. Furthermore, having been better fed, he is bigger and stronger and healthier. He makes a better soldier.

When finally accepted as a volunteer (if you are lucky enough to pass the examination), you will be required to submit to two interesting operations. One of these is inoculation with typhoid "bacteria" (a preparation of killed germs of that class), as a preventive of the most dangerous of all war maladies. The other is the making of an identification record, which includes your finger-prints, your photograph (especially taken for the purpose), and a memorandum respecting the precise color of your eyes—all eyes being definitely classified under 12 shades, eight blue, four brown, with a number for each.

MORE Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

They May Be Useful By and By.

Why not give Walter Johnson and Joe Wood a little practice with hand grenades?

Nothing Visionary About That.

The real leak was the money expended by the Henry committee in finding that the other one didn't exist.

The Dish de Luxe.

Terrapin is still expensive, but the spender who wants to make an impression now orders potato pancakes.

The Easiest Way.

The readiness with which the railroads promised to cure their congestion when warned that they would be compelled to makes one wonder why they were not warned before.

The Daily Novelette

TWO ORCHESTRAS.

"DO PEOPLE really eat and dance simultaneously, dear teacher?" asked little Rollo. "And if they do, is it not injurious to their digestion?"

He had just read the following sign in great electric letters: "Bustemopen Cafe. Dine While You Dance—Dance While You Dine."

"Yes, Rollo," replied Mr. Proons. "I have heard on good authority that in such resorts one dances while one is not dining, and vice versa. And it is, as you suggest, incompatible with perfect digestion. I must confess, Rollo, that it is one of the few phenomena of life which really puzzle me. Let us go in this self styled Bustemopen Cafe and learn by experience, ever the best way to learn."

And Rollo and Mr. Proons entered the cafe and took seats at one of a number of tables surrounding a dance floor, upon which couples, still chewing, were doing the Lame Man's Lurch, the Kitchen Sink, the Pussy Foot Paddle and other rather old fashioned dances, for it was not a fashionable place.

Mr. Proons started, for his eye had fallen on the menu and the following items: "Boston beans and gristle, a la Brussels, $2.25; kidney stew with half an onion, $4—fresh, $4.75; planked hash, $6."

"What's yer have, gents?" asked a waiter.

"Air," said Mr. Proons briefly, as, more puzzled than ever, he led Rollo out again and got him a cent's worth of salted peanuts from a slot machine.

Playing talking machine records with his finger nails is an accomplishment perfected by George S. Nixon of Chicago.

In case of war between the United States and Germany, 10,000 Navajo Indians will take to the warpath for the government.

A dollar saved by buying goods produced elsewhere is a dollar thrown at your neighbor's birds.

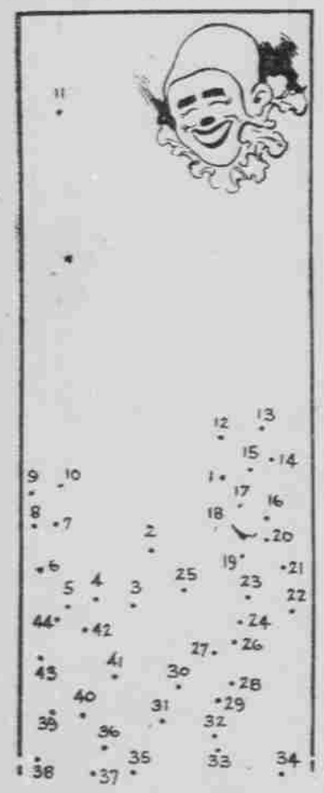
TODAY'S DAINTIEST DISH

BY CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Honey Biscuits.

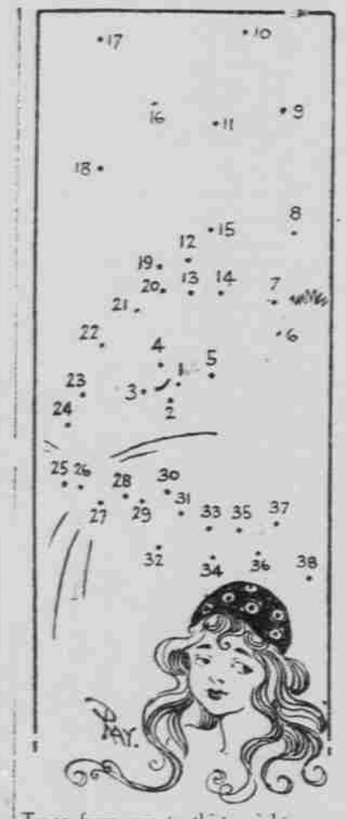
CREAM half a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar together, add one-quarter cup of strained honey, the grated rind of half an orange, one tablespoonful of chopped lemon peel, a pinch of spice, one tablespoonful of shredded cocoanut, a half cup of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped almonds, and mix together. Well knead the mixture, turn on to a floured board, roll out, and cut into round or fancy shapes. Bake in a moderate oven, and, when done, put together in sandwich fashion with strained honey.—(Monday—Peach Coupe.)

FILL OUT WITH A PENCIL



Trace from one to forty four.
See a ——— not shown before.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.



Trace from one to thirty eight.
A ——— will run past the gate.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.